24. 1568/1714.

A

ROD

FOR

Trepidantium Malleus,

OR A

LETTER

TO

Sam. Reconcileable.

Clodius accuſat Mœchos.

Simulata ſanctitas duplex iniquitas.

LONDON,
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TO

Sam. Reconcileable.

SIR,

COMING not long since into a Coffee-house, I happen'd to seat my self at a Table with three or four that were very eager in Discourse, and I soon

found you was the Subject. One that pretended to have read your Books, and had enjoy'd ſome of your Converſation, would not be perſuaded but that the glimps of Knavery was eaſily diſcoverable through your Fool's Dreſs, and that there lay ſome bad Deſign lurking at the bottom; whilſt another thought it was too natural to be a Diſguiſe, and that you had no occaſion for a Mask to act that part: a third, to reconcile the other two, would needs have you a Compound of both. Theſe Comments drew from me my Opinion, which was, That you had too much Learning for a *Fool*, and too little Wit for a *Knave*, but was ſtark ſtaring Mad, had got off your Shackles, and deſerted the *College*. And to this, upon mature deliberation,

they

they ſeem'd to aſſent, and very affectionately began to pity your Condition. What thanks I ſhall have for my pains, I know not, I doubt but little; eſpecially ſhould you chance to be of the ſame mind with one not long ſince try'd for Murder, who when ſome of his Friends would have inſinuated to the Court, that he was *non compos mentis*, in order to ſave him, contradicted it, and was very angry at the Reproach; he ſtood upon Rep— and would rather be hang'd than be thought a Mad man (I'm ſure had I been one of his Jury, I ſhould have found him ſo) and if you are in the ſame Caſe with that Gentleman, (notwithſtanding all your Invectives againſt the Party) you'l be found a rank *Antinomian*, for you will be out of the reach of the Law.

And now I'm mentioning the *Antinomians*, by the way I cannot but give you a hint of your horrid Character of Dr. *Crisp* (whose Memory deserves respect for his Piety) and your abominable ridicule of the Work of Conversion, in *Salem Ben Sholomoh* the *Jew*, in such fulsom Language, that he that has the largest extent of Charity, can hardly judg you to have undergone the Operation.

Second New Year's Gift, p. 14. and so on.

And indeed that Consideration takes off some of the surprize raised by your scurrilous, base, and profane Reflections upon the Administration, and Administrators of an Ordinance of God. If they are in the wrong, they ought

2d Friendly Epistle to G. Keith, p. 15. &c.

to

to be us'd with Candor, and Civility, and not to be burlesqu'd, and so scandalously reproach'd with ill Language, and false Stories, especially by one who has express'd so great a Respect for 'em. 2d *Friendly Epistle*, p. 30.

Ludere cum Sacris, was ever abhorr'd by all meer Moralists; and shall one of the Ministerial Function be guilty of it? A Man that would be thought so mightily gifted that way, that he takes the Liberty to find fault with, and run down almost, all as a parcel of *Pulpit Quacks*: One that will undertake *to bring up a Boy of twelve Years old to preach better than most of the Baptists about the Town*, &c. And sayst thou so *Sam*? Then thou art like some clumsy-heel'd Dancing-masters, that can teach

their Scholars to perform better than themſelves; for thou never didſt mount the Pulpit in thy Life yet, without proving the truth of a ſaying that is often in thy Mouth, viz. *That it is not ſo eaſy a thing to Preach, as ſome people think it to be.*

Perhaps you will not believe me, neither indeed can I reaſonably expect you ſhould, when I conſider the good Opinion you have of your ſelf; but, *Sir*, tho Self-conceit may have a very prevalent ſway in the Concavity of your Cranium, 'tis ſtrange it ſhould ſprout out in ſuch Self-applauſe as both your Books and Diſcourſes are continually larded with; eſpecially, *that* being one of the great Crimes laid upon Mr. *Baxter* by

2d *New Year's Gift to the* Criſpians, *p.* 13, 14. 2d *Friendly Epiſtle to* G. Keith, *p.* 19.

by your ſelf, and for which you ſo ſeverely laſh'd him. Pray read over that part of your Book againſt *Baxter* which touches upon that Subject, and learn to chaſtize your ſelf thro the ſides of another.

I remember ſome time ſince, when Mr. *Jacobs* ſaid, *The Baptiſts went down into the Water with the Women only to feel 'em*, &c. your Spirit was very warm, and you mighty zealous in upbraiding him for it, and could ſay, (nay, and print it too) *none but a Debauchee would have been guilty of ſuch ſtuff*: ſo that your laſt Book calls you Debauchee to your Face, and we dare believe it in that, tho not in many things elſe.

I could not have expected from a Man of your Years (and a Conjunction

junction Copulative too) ſuch things as are charg'd upon you, had I not heard that your Wife (and in that ſhe's a happy Woman) muſt lie alone (and has done ever ſince her Reign ended, and your Tyranny began) you having ſomething to teach the young Men in Bed.

Either Phyſicians are in the wrong, when they ſay 'tis unwholſom, or ſome People don't do well to adviſe the young Men to *lie upon their Backs, with their hands by their Sides*, whilſt they read Lectures upon ſome of the outer parts, and ſet the poor things a gog (by their negative Advice) after what they might happily otherwiſe not think of; but I hope they have wit enough to conſider who they make their Confeſſor.

How

How old? how many times? when laſt? &c. are queſtions to be very cautiouſly anſwered, notwithſtanding a promiſe *they won't tell.*

In ſhort, *Sir*, there are ſome things buz'd abroad concerning you that are almoſt incredible, and hardly to be imagin'd ſhould be done by ſuch a one as you would be thought, or indeed by any other that had not laid a *Cauſtick* to his Conſcience, or gotten the *Fly-flap of Formality* to keep away the *Flies* from ſtinging it. What Man but your ſelf ever had the Face, or could be imagin'd impudent enough to appear in the World againſt the pretended immodeſty of an Ordinance (as you have done) unleſs he could wipe himſelf clean from ſuch Reflections as have oft and again been caſt upon

upon you *Sir Flog-well*, and ſtill ſtick cloſe to you? Good *Pedagogue*, you can never pretend your *Diſcipline* (as you call it) is for the Correction of your Scholars, but rather calculated for the Meridian of your own Diverſion; for what Puniſhment is there in the ſtroak of a Feather, or why ſhould you ring the Bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. upon the Boys Bums? Prithee, why ſo many at once? one ſuch Object is enough at a time; ſo many, one would think, ſhould diſtract your *weak Opticks*, and make you as wild in your *Senſes*, as you are in your *Underſtanding*. And indeed, *Sir*, I cannot forbear finding fault with your Method as well as your Manners, and cenſuring your Prudence as well as your Modeſty (I don't ſay Chaſtity)

ſtity) 'Tis highly reaſonable to think, that young Men of twenty or thirty years of Age, ſhould better be wrought upon by Perſuaſion, than *Bum-bruſhing*.

But remembring you are a mighty lover of Stories and Verſes (which, as they are ſurreptitiouſly ſcrap'd up here and there, are as odly jumbled together, and profuſely and blunderingly flung away, without Deſign, and to no end in your Books) be pleas'd kindly to accept of ſuch as may chance to drop from my Pen.

A certain Apothecary ſends his Man to adminiſter a Clyſter, that was preſcrib'd by a Phyſician, for a Gentleman his Patient, who was ſorely afflicted with the Head-ach; the man enters the Gentle-

man's

man's Chamber, who demands *Who's there?* anſwer is made, *the Apothecary. What has the Doctor order'd me?* A Clyſter. *A Clyſter!* quoth the Gentleman, you Villain, you Raſcal, the Doctor's a Fool to ſend a thing to put in my A---- to cure my Head, and ſo drove him out of the Room. What Lines of Communication you have found out between the Head and Tail of a Scholar, I know not; but it ſeems very prepoſterous to ſuppoſe, that diminiſhing the *podicical Covering*, ſhould increaſe the Underſtanding. I doubt Birch-Clyſters don't work kindly: A Patient's Fancy does very much aſſiſt the Doctor's endeavours; and therefore I doubt you have but little ſucceſs in your Practice, becauſe your Patients

tients cannot be perſuaded into a good Opinon of their Phyſick, for they have a natural averſion to pain. I find you are one of *Co----atch's* followers, your *Medicines* are all *Acids*.

And now, *Sir*, having conſidered your Caſe, I find *Diſtraction* the beſt excuſe I can make to my ſelf and others, for theſe enormous excurſions of your *non-intellectuals*; which makes me a little commiſerate your Caſe, and heartily adviſe you in your very next *interval*, to read Dr. *Echard's* Letter to the Author of *Hieragoniſticon*, and uſe his Preſcriptions; they exactly hit your Caſe; pray don't neglect it, delays being dangerous: He ſays you muſt avoid all hot things, as *Coffee* and *Tobacco* (and I believe not without reaſon,

reaſon, for they are apt to dry up the Brain, and when things are too dry they will crack) but above all you muſt avoid writing Books, till you find the Diſtemper pretty well aſſwag'd, and then too but moderately, for fear of a Relapſe. But if you can't forbear till then, pray whatever you write in your fit (which is but all you write) read over in an interval before it goes to the Preſs, and then I doubt not they will all receive their fate as truly (tho not as duly) as if they were burnt by the hands of the common Hangman.

Indeed ſome of thoſe already publiſh'd have anſwered the end propos'd, and have prov'd good Phyſick. A Friend of mine

2d *and laſt New Years Gift to the* Criſpians, *page* 11.

mine lays 'em in a convenient Place, where the reading one Leaf is a gentle Purge, and then 'tis ſent after the Operation; the fitteſt uſe they can be put to. And, *Sir*, was there no other reaſon why they ſhould ſuffer, but becauſe they are too bold and ſaucy with their Author, that was enough: for while they are *Jeſters to others*, they make a *jeſt of him*.

You ſeem in all your Writings to drive very hard for the *Buſkins*; but, I muſt tell you, they are too noble an Ornament to adorn your *Farce*; for what you write is as much below that reproved Author, as a *Bartholomew-fair Droll* is below *Seneca*'s *Tragedies*.

I muſt acknowledg you have hammer'd hard for a little Wit to divert the World, and therefore the World's very ungrateful it won't accept the *Will* for the *Deed*; and 'tis really very hard that you ſhould print Books at your own Charge, and be at the Expence both of *Purſe* and *Brain* to pleaſe, and *all in vain*: yet you have this comfortable Solace in the experience you have gain'd, you have found out the beſt way of putting off your Books of any Man in *England*. I am told, that when you was, not long ſince, *chewing the Cud, without dividing the Hoof*, in Noah's *Ark* (as you call it) you was telling a Story of a Man that cry'd Pears, twelve, ſixteen, twenty a Penny, and none would buy, till at laſt he

cry'd

cry'd *Pears for nothing*, and then he ſoon empty'd his Basket; ſo (ſaid you) is it with my Books. Why *Sam!* what an unhappy Fellow art thou to lay the Rod in the way thus? For who, do you think, won't reply, the reaſon why the *Pears* would not ſell, was, becauſe *they were not good?*

I remember a Paſſage I once met with in a Dramatick Poem call'd, *The Folly of Prieſt-craft*. Father *Politico* (who bears the Character of a plotting, intriguing Prieſt) orders his Man *Manuel* to read the Intelligences which he had receiv'd out of the Country, what Men there were in the ſeveral Counties that were fit *Tools* to work with, in building up the *Catholick* Cauſe;

and among the reſt, *There is a Fellow of a broad Face, and no Brains, the want of which is ſupply'd by a great ſtock of Impudence, which enables him to rail againſt Popery in* Billingſgate *Language, without two grains of Senſe or Reaſon.--- He gets a good quantity of Money in the Year, and preaches in a little Shed at the end of his Houſe. Then mark him down (ſays* Politico*) and ſend an hundred Pounds to make his Shed bigger; there are more converted to us by hearing bad Sermons againſt Popery, than by hearing good ones for it.* Whether this is worthy the Conſideration of your Antagoniſts, muſt be left to them, and how far the Story reacheth their Caſe. But I am very apt to think, ſhould they be at the Charge of printing all you write (rather

(rather than you ſhould be ſilent) it would prove for the good of the Cauſe you oppoſe; and one of your Books againſt any Opinion, will make more *Converts* to it, than ten good Books writ for it.

I find, old *Iſhmael*, you are reſolv'd to keep us in uncertainty to what Party you belong, and make us think you are a Man of no Religion, by your quarrelling with all as wrong. I did believe you a *Presbyterian* (if any thing) till I met with thoſe ſcurrilous Sarcaſms upon the two great Men of the Age of that Perſuaſion, Dr. *B---s* and Mr. *H--w*. 'Tis mean and pitiful to rake the Aſhes of the Dead, as you do of the Doctor,

2d *New Years Gift for the* Criſpians, *p.* 35,36.

(you know the old saying, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*) but 'tis intolerable to stamp 'em with Falsities. I can find no truth in what you would insinuate, tho I have often endeavour'd it, and can make no shift to free it from the name of a *Lie*, but that it is too gross to deceive. And I doubt not but you thought your self a fitter Man to speak to the King, in the name of the Dissenters, than he that did it (whom the World knows to be a learned Man, and needs no Encomium from any but his own Works) as you have often implicitely seem'd to assert. That would have been the ready way to have reviv'd the obsolete name of *Fanatick*, and to have given the King just cause to reflect upon

on the *Liberty* given to *Madmen*, as he muſt have judg'd them by their Repreſentative.

You needed not to have taken the trouble to acknowledg your ſelf *a Man of but little Prudence*, as you do in the thirty ſecond page of your *ſecond New-Years-Gift*, for I never yet could meet with the Man thought you had any.

You tell us a Story, that a Quaker Woman coming into a Church, and diſturbing it by her ſpeaking, was ask'd by a Boy, *Who ſent her there that Day?* ſhe reply'd, *God*; *No*, ſaid the Boy, *then you would not have ſpoken ſo many things contrary to the Scriptures; neither can I imagine the Devil ſent thee, for I thought he had more wit than to ſend ſuch a Fool*

William Pen *and the Quakers, either* Impoſtors *or* Apoſtates, *p.* 30.

about his Work: and the Quaker never disturb'd 'em afterward. Who sent you I cannot determine, but I wish the recital of your own Story may have the same Effect upon you, and keep you from making any farther disturbance by your foolish Scrible. Could you look a little into your own Constitution, that would mightily help towards it, for there

——————*You'd find*
Your Body made for Labour, not your Mind.

I fear, should it come to be known who is the Author of this Letter, by any of the Judicious, I shall incur their Displeasure; most are apt to think that

you aim at nothing more than the honour of being thought worth anſwering, and would be glad of having any thing writ againſt you, to introduce ſomething more of your incontinent Scribble into the World. Should it prove ſo in this, I heartily beg their Pardon, and hope I ſhall never again be guilty of Midwifeing any of your Brats, or be the Cauſe of provoking you to plague the World with more of your Stuff. Indeed if you'l be as good as your word, I need not much fear it in this Cauſe, for you tell us, *That you never intend to write one word more upon this Subject* (that is, of *Baptiſm*) *unleſs a Reply by any worthy Divine or Scholar of theirs makes it neceſſary.* 2d *Friendly Epiſtle to* G. Keith, *fol.* 20, 34.

Can

Can you think, or ſuppoſe, *a worthy Divine, and a Scholar*, to be without any thing elſe to do, than to trouble his Head about you? and till then you cannot expect any one ſhould; beſides, Man, ſuch a one would as much ſcorn to draw a *Pen* againſt thee, as a well bred Gentleman to draw his *Sword* upon a *naked Cit*.

I underſtand you threaten very hard any that ſhall dare to appear in Print againſt you, and yet you ſee 'tis done. In the name of him you ſhall happen to pitch upon to rail at, as the Author of this Letter, I ſend you defiance in ſix Lines of Sir *Carr Scroop* to my Lord *Rocheſter*, upon his Lordſhip's having written ſomething againſt him.

Rail on poor feeble Scribler, ſpeak of me
In as bad terms as the World ſpeaks of thee:
Sit ſwelling in thy Hole like a vex'd Toad;
Thy Venom, and thy Malice ſpit abroad;
Thou canſt hurt no Man's Name by thy ill word,
Thy Pen is full as harmleſs as thy Sword.

Philoſenſus.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

PErhaps some who may chance to peruse this Letter, may cavil at, and find fault with the Method I have taken, and the Stile I have used in writing to the *Quakers Beetle* (head). Those that do, I desire to accept of this for Answer; I have endeavour'd, as much as I could, to imitate the Gentleman, and fight him at his own Weapons, and therefore I have foisted in several Stories (and some of them abruptly) that I might come as near I could to my Copy. And if I'm accus'd for being so severe upon him, take his own *Reason* for the same thing,

thing, in his Book call'd *William Pen and the Quakers, either Impostors or Apostates, &c. page* 61. "Quacks "and Juglers, and foolish pre- "tenders to any thing, are not "to be treated as wise and sober "Men; *Answer*, says the wisest of "Men, *a Fool according to his Folly, "lest he be wise in his own Conceit*, Prov. 26. 5.

FINIS.